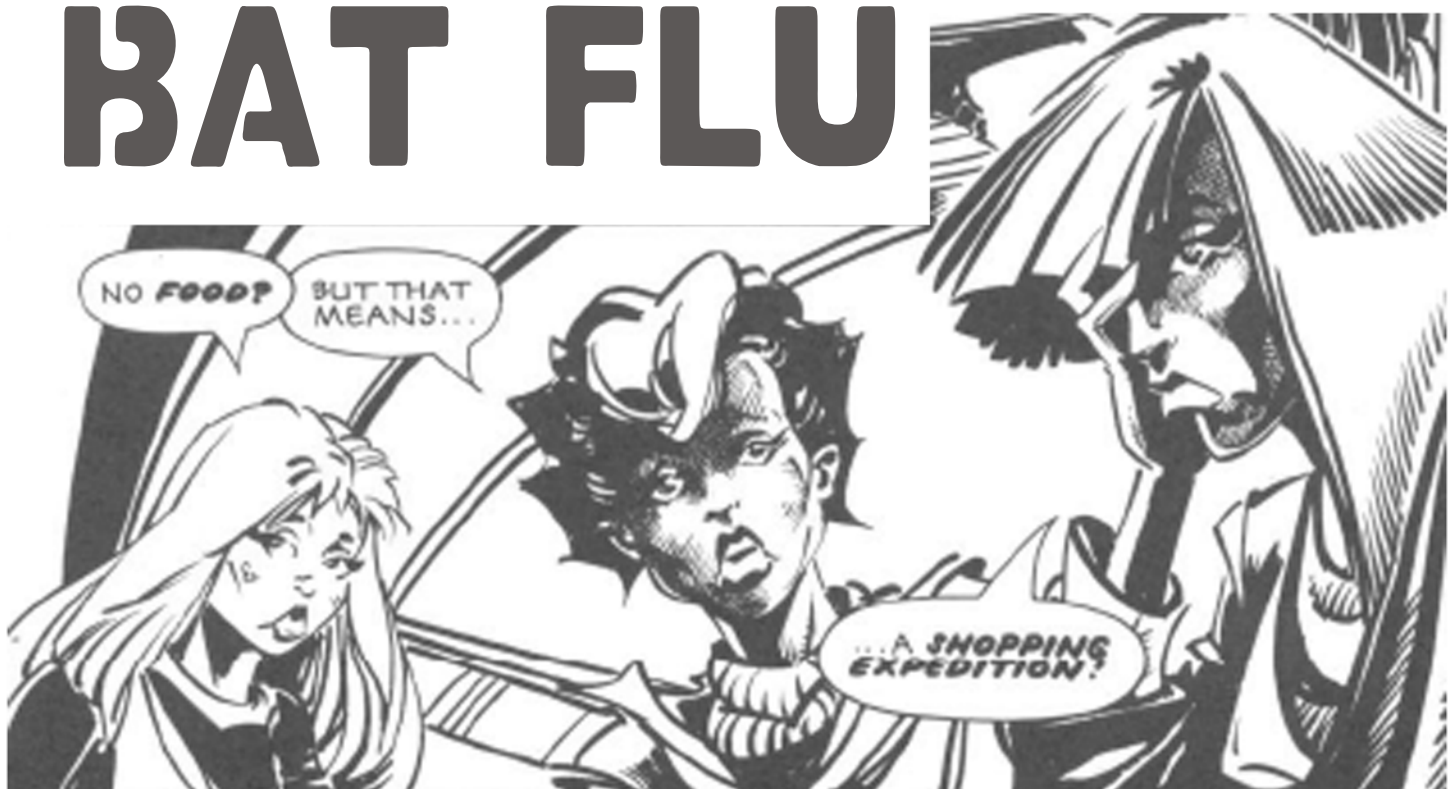


BAT FLU



INSTAZINE

ISSUE 1

08/03

There's a trolley loaded up to the push-handle with bogroll and toiletries; it's drifted into the vegetable section like a ghost ship, as if the shopper was suddenly consumed with shame and fled the store, abandoning their haul...

What a dummy. Sucks if you run out of toilet paper, but you can always jump in the shower and blast water up your bunghole. Not like you need to race back to the living room for the next 23 hours and 55 minutes of sleep, BBC updates and exquisite fucking boredom...

Soap, toothpaste and deodorant are far harder to improvise but nobody's touching them, for whatever reason.

They tell you that watching zombie films prepares you for situations like these, but that knowledge is pretty pointless if you don't actually have a *gun* to hand. What are you supposed to do – yell *This is a fucking war!* and lob bogrolls at their heads?

ADVICE. I think it is important to think about the consequences of well meaning actions. There are unscrupulous people who will prey on vulnerabilities. I'm concerned about leafleting people with contact details and asking them to ask for help. It won't be long before the scammers are onto this. I think we would be best to build strong and trusted local community networks.

09/03

Least popular pasta shape by far seems to be farfalle – still bags of it left on the shelves. *I'm not having **that** unsightly muck in **my** puttanesca!* Fair enough – I'd rather starve than eat beetroot. Two bags for me then. More pasta for your buck too – the thin bow tie shape means you can stuff more into the bag than you can with the tubes and shells. *Suckers!* Who am I kidding, I wanted the shells.

Lots of lasagne sheets left, why? Tip: you can snap them into strips to enjoy 'bootleg tagliatelle'.

Kid in the office has a cough. Tell him he needs to go home. Go now, I'll tell the boss I said you could. Take March off, for all I care. Just don't point your snotbox in my direction. Shit, I should buy more stuff before everyone swipes it...could be my last chance! No...that's the panic talking. This is Xmas come early for Andrex and Heinz, they won't let production grind to a halt. *The only thing to fear is fear itself*, as Coil once sang. Though wiping your arse with a gas bill and stinking like a Levellers gig comes close.

Can anyone please qualify what self - isolating for the over 70's will actually mean. My husband is over 70 but I am not. Does it mean he has to sit in a room on his own for months? Does it mean I will also have to isolate myself or does it mean we just keep our distance from one another and maintain hygiene standards? Any advice would be helpful.

10/03

Somebody's daubed JADE in blue paint over ATMs, shopfronts and phoneboxes. At first, I thought the one on Natwest said JUDE and wondered if Britain First had finally made good on their pledge to march through the area. Either that, or a last-ditch appeal to the Patron Saint of Hopeless Cases.

Mental lists for mentalists:

- £1 and £2 coins for the electric meter – CRITICAL
- Hand sanitiser? – NAH, JUST USE SOAP
- Booze? – YEAH, 'COS YOU WON'T RIP THROUGH THE LOT IN A COUPLE OF NIGHTS THEN GET THE PISSHEAD MUNCHIES AND START POLISHING OFF YOUR FOOD STASH

I had a good laugh at the bogroll-hoarding wankers, but now I'm in Sainsburys at 8.10am and there's a wall of 24-roll packs and it's being demolished like a Pink Floyd gig. A bloke with two packs under his arms clocks me gawping and says, "You should get some while they're going!" Fuck it, why not – lavatorial peace of mind until July, I'm game. Later, I'm back for some toothpaste and the bogrolls are all gone.

A very subdued Purim for these parts. Three kids drift past, dressed as bananas. Amazed someone didn't try to shove 'em into a trolley.

REQUEST - could people please keep the posts to mutual aid and not have debates about politics or opinions on this or other government policy? There are plenty of places for that. If this forum is to be useful it needs to be focused on its single minded purpose otherwise people will just ignore posts, switch off or leave. I have neither the time nor the inclination to trawl through dozens of posts to find anything about mutual aid. I just want to help. I'm sure I'm not alone on this. Posted with love

11/03

Ashok isn't the sharpest tool in the box. Just felt obliged to put that out there.

This is the man who once asked me in Amsterdam, "Who's Anne Frank? I keep seeing her name."

That was shortly after he'd announced, "It's warm for Scandinavia, inn't it?"

So, shouldn't be too surprised that he's now asking, "Why's everyone going on about a virus?"

"Have you been watching the news at all?"

"No, I don't keep up with the news. Ian was talking about it in the kitchen".

Fuck me. I didn't know Ian spoke.

QUESTION - I'd be happy to coordinate help for a few roads near my house. But if I create a WhatsApp group and share the link in the document, anyone in the world who sees that link can join my group. How do you recommend verifying who they are, where they live, etc? It's conceivable that a villain could join my group and scam vulnerable people. What safeguards do you recommend?

"Are you going down the pub at lunch?"

"Ash, do you get what I just told you?"

"Oh, the virus...are you worried about it?"

"No, I normally go out boozing during global pandemics."

12/03

Pah! Sod it, who wants to be the sharpest tool in the box anyway? Not like the four horsemen are gonna go "*Right y'are!*" and ride around you. Spit some COVID-19-infected gob in Death's eye, that's what I reckon. I AM going down the pub with Chris. Haha, fuck HMS Fear and all who sail in her!

NYC powerpop sensations THE BABY SHAKES are playing The 100 Club tonight, followed by a gig at The Pipeline in Brighton tomorrow. I know next to nothing about them beyond a promo pic: slingbacks, black dresses, black hair, black tights, tattoos, electric geetars. Basically every woman I've fancied since I was 9.

I had asked notorious Hackney historian John Eden if he'd wanted to come and see them a couple of weeks before. "Don't take this the wrong way," he smirked, knowing full well I would, "but won't that gig be *stuffed with old pervs?*" I mean, I'm glad he got over his dad-crush on Girls Aloud – but did he have a point? Oh sweet Jesus and all the saints...had I become a crapulent old sleazebag? The bloke from the Soft Cell song *Frustration*? Maybe St Paul had it right in his letter to Corinthians, when he informed the Kent football club: "*When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.*" With a pained sigh, I deleted the promo pic and put on some Stockhausen.

Did I fuck as like. I emailed my mate Chris. A dirty git of his dodgy tastes would *surely* be up for this! Unfortunately, he just wanted to get pissed in Charing Cross. The Baby Shakes seemed to be scrubbed from The 100 Club listings anyway. I don't suppose they bothered flying over after all. I was sorta relieved, truth be told. So here we are in a packed pub, like ain't nuthin' happening and this virus scare's just a pack of whingers crying on Twitter.

"Should we switch to bottles?" I ask, worrying about the effectiveness of the pint glass washer – oblivious to the zillions of fatal microbes flying out of everyone's mouths around us.

Later on, a bloke on the tube is eating crisps and flicking the crumbs from his spitty fingers. I glare at him with unbridled disgust, though I'm equally disgusted at myself for going out and necking seven pints of Moretti in a crowded pub. Maybe I'm a super spreader. Ten dead in the UK and counting.

Hi guys, a colleague of mine is a Clinical Psychologist who specialises in health anxiety/mental wellbeing. As a lot of people are finding the virus is negatively impacting their mental health, she's going to release a short video every few days where she answers questions and offers advice. If anyone thinks that would be useful to them or someone they know, I'll post a link to the first vid in the comments. If you have any questions you'd like me to pass on, let me know 😊

13/03

Far less pasta shape discrimination now. Shelves totally bare.

I think I'm sorted for self-isolation. Someone tweets something about experiments involving a 'Vitamin D hammer', where a huge dosage sorted out flu symptoms in geriatric patients, so I pick up a couple of jars in Boots. Amazed I don't own a dozen Ronco boxsets with this level of susceptibility.

Intersections, clashes. Panic-buying vs pub crawls. People smoking outside the local, chatting outside the bookies vs desperate, heartfelt Twitter pleas for the schools to close. *What's going down? Half of London.* Charing Cross bookshops cajoling people to pop in and stock up on cheapo tomes to while away the quarantine - like we're gonna be recharging our batteries at the Villa Diodati for a fortnight.

This weekend I'm staying indoors. Can't be THAT hard.

I live in a supported housing scheme in XXXXXX. The staff are very worried about how to protect the vulnerable residents. Is there anyone who could supply a bottle of hand sanitizer to each of the 63 flats?

14/03

Seething with rage at the internet and everyone on it.

Look out the window, count the passengers on the buses. One on the 328. Five on the 13. It's Saturday evening. Need to do something productive, so I do, but still can't quit refreshing Coronavirus updates. A brief trip to Conspiralooville and shady germ warfare projects. Try to persuade my asthmatic, elderly mother that my sister *isn't* being a bossy spoilsport by urging her to self-isolate. But how do you sway someone who's hell bent on playing darts? I wish she'd been that lax and YOLO when she was chewing my teenage ears off about God.

It's been what, six days, and going out feels like something we *used to do*. Back before the bat flu.

Kill the profiteers. Just go full Stalin on 'em. Throw in a bit of Idi Amin-style pizzazz – make them drink their own stockpiles of sanitiser. Televisé it. Force them to chomp on their £20 bogrolls. Or calm the hell down and volunteer to pick up nappies for someone instead.

Genesis P-Orridge of Throbbing Gristle/Psychic TV dies. Want to run out into the deathly quiet streets and scream *Allahu Akbar!* at the next empty nightbus. The two aren't connected.

Absolutely. And I will take my daughter out of school.

15/03

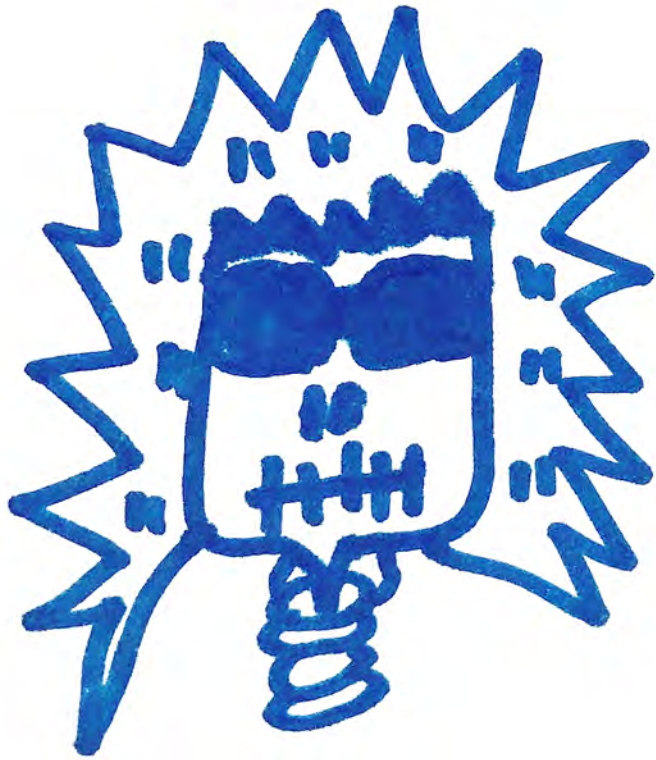
I'm back! In full attack! Never give in until -

Shit, I'm running low on washing-up liquid. Major oversight. Don't need E-Coli on top of all this. Means a trip outside the foxhole. GOING OUTSIDE. Blue Treatment mask on, ready to ruck with the first snotbag who coughs my way. *This is a fucking war!* Fucking chore, more like.

Mission aborted, complete waste of time: people have obviously twigged you can use washing-up liquid instead of hand sanitiser. A sign informs shoppers they're limited to five sanitary items, but who's enforcing that? Security's nowhere to be seen, and neither is anything you could use to clean a plate, pot, surface or backside. Run a pizza through the self-service till and sneak through a small bottle of Pepsi. Swap you a bottle of Fairy for a pizza slice? Nah: we all deserve more than desperate trades. The false either/ors we create through suspicion and fear. Braining each other for the last pack of carbs while the real zombies demand bailouts for their dying airlines.

<https://freedomnews.org.uk/covid-19-uk-mutual-aid-groups-a-list/>

FUN THINGS TO DO IN QUARANTINE WITH



← DAVID
COVIDALE

HURT THE HOARDERS

- 1) create a throwaway ebay account
- 2) buy up as many of their £9.99 hand lotions and bogrolls as possible
- 3) are we gonna pay? no fuckin' way!
- 4) leave negative feedback
- 5) rinse, repeat

NEXT ISSUE: trolling virgin atlantic

REVIEWS

COIL – “SWANYARD” (Infinite Fog)

Imagine you saw a spider in the bathroom – and it started talking to you! You’d be intrigued, yeah? You might even get on with it. Imagine the spider said: *“Look, no offence...I know you need to keep the place clean, but...just above the shower screen’s the best spot to pick off flies, and you keep knocking my web to shreds...any chance you could just wipe around it instead of over it? And I’ll scarf down those flies before they get a chance to land on your jalfrezi”*. You might reply: “Of course, mate! No problem! Can I get you, I dunno...a greenfly for afters?”

Now, imagine the spider instead roared: *“IN THE NAME OV INFERNAL ARCHDUKE OF HELL **TOMMY ROBINSON** I COMMAND THEE, ANCIENT TWO-LEGGED ONE - RETREAT FROM MY WEB AND FETCH ME APHIDS BY THE THIMBLE-FULL! SO MOTE IT BE!”* – you might think *arrogant eight-legged twat* and splat the fucker.

So why do you think it’s a good idea to jab wands in deities’ faces, or try to seal Mayan squid-bats inside pentagrams? You’re dealing with hardcore astral entities who disclosed 9/11 on a Supertramp LP cover in 1979 and left a bunch of coincidental ‘11’s lying around Ground Zero as *fuck you* teasers to us mere mouthbreathin’ mortals.

You seriously think you’re gonna ‘bind’ demons in your bedroom and squeeze them for the winning Lottery lines? Make no mistake: the fact that Coil’s Jhonn *Balance* died of a fall was a clear-cut message from the underworld. A chthonic calling card. A goat’s head in the bed. I don’t know how or why he pissed them off but he should’ve been more cautious. The spirit world isn’t without a sick sense of humour. Show some respect and don’t ever get cocky. The Great God Pan is *not* into being cuntted off by some smartarse who’s skimmed a Phil Hine PDF.

Can we make this the last Coil release ever, please? I mean, I know they became rubbish after they fled London, but it’s so tiresome watching clip artists, Discogs scalpers and collector bores pick away at the carcass and stamp out the sparks of whatever it was that made this group special. *Swanyard* seems a decent point to bow out on: Coil as city ravers before they got lost forever in the woods.

I can hear towerblock pirate jungle textures in *Siminon Master Backwards*; *Kusnir Jazz* is basically *Balance* and *Sleazy* doing vaporwave in 1993; and *Crumb Tune* alone’s more witchy than anything on *Music To Play In The Dark*. Actually, I think the label’s bugged up the track titles: *Crumb Tune* is surely *Egyptian Basses*? By the time you read this, *Swanyard* will probably be going for serious money on Discogs (about six bogrolls), but it’s the only thing of theirs in living memory I’d recommend. (MARTIN C)

XYLITOL – “SLEIGH RIDE” (Bandcamp)

While everyone’s been loading up on bogroll, hand sanitiser, pasta and beans, I’ve been filling *my* basket with chocolate, lipgloss, Monster Munch and red wine :-D. Who’s winning now? ٩(ツ)𐄂 It reminds me of how the world used to go batshit over Ghostbox but the smart cookies among us bought 3” Xylitol CD-Rs instead. I miss the days when laughing at Belbury Poly and The Focus Group was the most pressing thing on my mind ☺. Sadly, like Carex, this track is now unavailable – until next Xmas, anyway! Maybe a label should step in to officially release it, so we can have a *Xylitol Xmas knees-up* every week...cough, cough! SHIT, no, I didn’t mean like THAT! (ULRIKE MEINKRAFT)

*If there was no government
Wouldn't there be chaos?
Yes.*

*Everybody running round,
Setting petrol bombs off?
No.*

*And if there was no police force, tell me what you'd
do / If 30,000 rioters came running after you?
Bit rich coming from a group unwilling to tackle 20
muggy boneheads menacing their own fans in the shad-
ows in Conway Hall. But since you asked, I'd probably
mess my pants and run away.*

*And who would clean the sewers?
Who'd mend my television?*

*Well...who would? I'm all for the abolition of wages but
bubonic plague's a shitty trade-off.*

*Wouldn't people lay about
Without some supervision?
Only the Crass fans.*

*Who'd drive the fire engines?
Who'd fix my video?*

*I get that Steve Ignorant thinks he's being smart with
this 'whining Daily Fail reader' caricature. But his
strawman actually makes a good point. Who **would** drive
the fire engines and put their lives on the line to
rescue screaming babies from burning buildings? Cos it
sure as hell won't be Citizen fucking Fish.*

Woah...don't remember her being this foxy when I was 14



CRASS

AT 43

*Who'd pull the pint at the local pub?
Where would I get me fags?*

*Again, excellent questions, and it'd be swell
if Crass could bother to address them instead
of doing a histrionic impersonation of Dennis
The Menace's Dad.*

*If there's no medication, if there were no
nurses /
Wouldn't people die a lot? Who would drive
the 'earses?*

*Sorry...this isn't a legitimate concern?? We're
supposed to be laughing at THIS guy, after 10
minutes of Crass shrieking about new
romantics being 'nouveau wankers' and some
sappy Richard Clayderman tribute?
Answer the man, damn you!*

*If there was no water
What would people drink?*

*Their own piss, I'd imagine - what with
nobody willing to pull the pint at the local
and 30,000 rioters cleaning out the offie.*

And what if I told you to fuck off!?

*No, what if we told **YOU** to fuck off, Steve,
and give this poor bloke a break? He's the
only one making ANY damn sense on this ca-
cophonous mess of an album. Here's a question
- why did I pay £3 to hear you spit 'nouveau
wankers'? Really? Nouveau wankers??? Cops
turning Orgreave into the Alamo and
thermonuclear holocaust due in seven
minutes...and you wanna waste valuable vinyl
making snide digs at the Blitz kids?*